

Northampton, July 27th 1838

Dear Caroline:

Many thanks for your two kind letters, detailing so many particulars, which no one else would have thought to communicate, even if they knew of them. Your second letter did not reach me till three days ago, more than a month after date; but I was glad to receive it, for all that.

I have had no opportunity to refute misrepresentations concerning your high-souled and ill-understood sister. Mrs. Judge Squam is the only one here likely to abuse her, and she would not venture to speak disparagingly of her before me. My own testimony I lose no opportunity of bearing; and whoever speaks of her in my hearing know that they do it in the presence of a very warm friend and admirer. This world-babble is of little consequence. Can one be deep, or high, or even simply true, without misrepresentation?

For the state of abolition here, I refer you to my letter to Mrs. Chapman. It seems to me lifeless enough. Orthodoxy has clothed most of the community in her straight-laced garments. There is organizing, and psalm-singing, and praying, and preaching and reverence for "the divine ambassadors of Christ," and saving of souls, &c. more than enough; but of genuine love to the neighbor, as a child of our common Father, the manifestations seem to be of the smallest. I don't mean they are worse than other people. You know what I mean.

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Main body of handwritten text, consisting of several paragraphs. The text is written in a cursive script and is mostly illegible due to fading and bleed-through from the reverse side. It appears to be a historical or philosophical treatise.

Our room is within call of a rich slave-auctioneer, who prays so loud that Mr. Child has to strike up his accordion to drown sounds so discordant to our feelings "Hear him! Hear the pious old thief, trying to come paddles over the Lord!" exclaims Mr. Child, in the vexation of his spirit. Whether the Lord hears him or not, I cannot tell; but he takes care that the neighbourhood shall. I have felt disposed to repeat the advice of the heathen philosopher: "Don't pray so loud. It's safer for you not to let the gods know where you are". The other day his grand-daughter came out to play, and her mother said to her, "Come in and get your sun-bonnet; by and bye, they'll take you for a little black girl". I called out - (not loud enough to be heard, except by Mr. Child) "And then, likely as not, your grandfather will sell you!" Another of the children sat singing from a book: "He jumped on a nigger, and thought he was a horse!" Whereupon I wrote to Mr. Spring, to know if her sister Gilman had been preparing infant-literature suited to the "peculiar institution" of South Carolina. A curious incident happened at the school where his oldest grand-daughter attends. On the afternoon devoted to reading, a little girl brought a juvenile newspaper. The young Southerner saw in it an article headed, "The Happy Slave rejoiced to return to his Master". With sparkling eyes, she exclaimed, "Oh may I read this aloud?" Having obtained permission, she read the well-known story of the slave, who pretended to go back into slavery, in order to carry his wife off with him. Toward the last,

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her tones were rather less cutting than at the beginning.

This same Mr. Kaper (who published a letter in Charleston, S. C. indignantly contradicting the charge of being opposed to slavery) is deacon of the church here, and Sunday teacher. In this last capacity he takes occasion to teach that Africans are the descendants of Ham, and God has especially ordained them to perpetual slavery. His minister, Rev. Mr. Mitchell, (one of the divine ambassadors of Christ & — Oh those insulted Nazarenes!) refuses to permit an anti-slavery lecture in his meeting-house, and gives as a reason that "it might drive Mr. Kaper, and his Carolina son-in-law, Mr. Hibbins, out of town"; for the same reason, I presume, his family refuse to sign petitions. Every day or two, I see baskets of vegetables and fruit carried over to him from Mr. Kaper's garden; a part of the price for which the Judas betrays his master.

Recently I was told that Mr. Kaper's sister was coming from S. C. and was going to bring a slave with her; but she was "so happy that there was no danger of her taking her freedom. They expected trouble from the abolitionists, but the slave could not be tolled away" &c. This, and more of the same import was ostentatiously proclaimed beforehand. At last Mr. Gadsden and the slave came. The woman was repeatedly pointed out by the Southern household, with the triumphant assertion, "You

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see how happy our slave is. She is a sample of the general condition of the slaves. The abolitionist in Groy tried to coax her away, but could not". The woman passed frequently under my window, and appeared sleek and contented. She repeatedly hummed very loud, when near me. Being suspicious that she was instructed to throw herself in my way, in order to boast of her happy slavery, and laugh at my useless efforts to make her in love with freedom, I resolved that they should not "catch old birds with chaff." But I wrote a searching letter of eight pages to Mr. Jackson himself accompanied by the Anti-Sl. Cause, and A. B. J.'s appeal. These were sent back in about two hours, in great haste; but I afterward learned the whole family had the benefit of hearing the letter, except Mr. Hooper who would not hear it.

The colored woman afterward came in, and complained that Mr. Jackson told her I called her a well-fatted pig, & her children puppies. I easily convinced her, by reading the letter, that I had said nothing about her, but compared the happiness of slaves to that of well fed pigs; and spoke of them as liable to be sold like dogs, and their offspring, like puppies, sold to another purchaser. Many more things had the false woman tried to make her believe were contained in the letter. But the influence of truth and kindness on my part had its effect. She seemed more than satisfied. She has since been to see me, and promises to accompany me to the Monthly

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Doubt. She assures me most solemnly that she is not a slave - That she is a free woman - That she and Mr. J. agreed before they left S. L. to say she was a slave; but - that she certainly is free, and that is the reason she feels so easy. Here is a pretty piece of duplicity somewhere. I wish I had some co-operators to hammer on that Mr. J.'s conscience; but I cannot rouse anybody. The slave auctioneer is too rich - employs too many people.

Did you notice that Resolution of the Maternal Association of Brooklyn's Wives, in the last Friend of Virtue? I wanted to amend it thus: Resolved, That we will sustain the Friend of Virtue, if it contains nothing likely to diminish the reverence paid to our husbands, or to encourage women, who probably will preach cheaper, than they."

I want to say a thousand things about Mrs. Chapman (God bless her) and sundry other matters, but I must defer to another opportunity.

Mr. Child desires his best love to you and your sisters. You don't know how we do long for a Boylston St. to run ~~down~~ to

Best love to your sisters, the Chapmans of Chaucey Place - Wendell Phillips &c.

With true friendship,

L. M. Child

I have written in great haste, but will not (like somebody I wot of) take up my paper with apologies. If you go to see Hauritt, just take this letter. It may serve to use the dear woman.

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